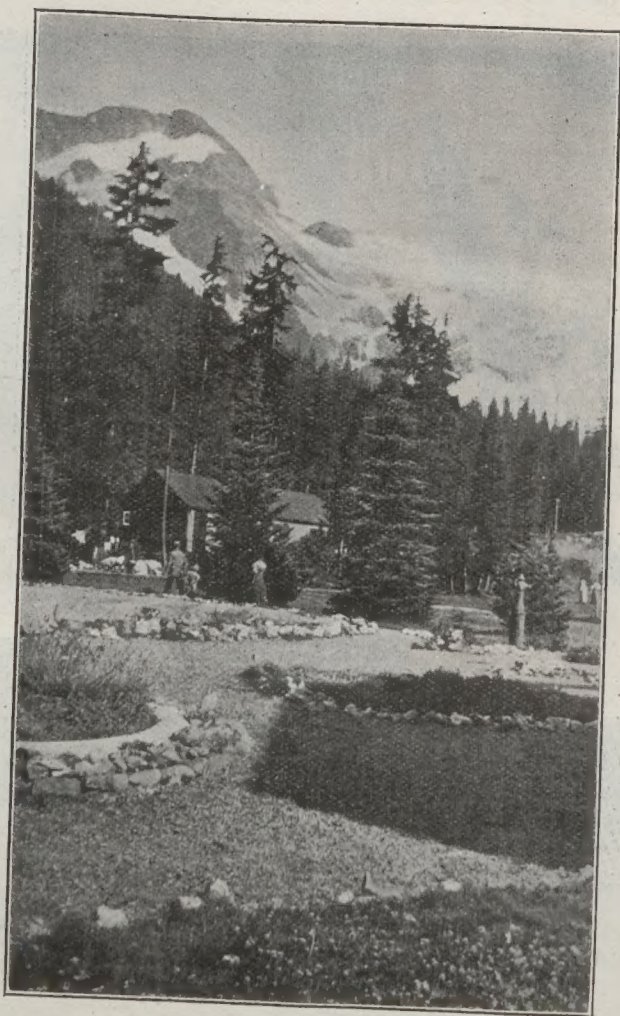




SAPIENTIA ET DOCTRINA STABILITAS.



IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES—GLACIER FROM A CAR WINDOW.



VOL. XXXVII.

JANUARY 26th, 1910.

No. 12.

A Letter.

DEAR Kathleen,—Surely you don't expect me to tell you all about my summer in the West. I'll tell you about it if I ever strike home at the same time as you do again. You know I never was very strong on writing. You should have seen mother look, when I reminded her with a most supercilious expression, that I taught writing in my school this summer, but you know Kit, you never know what you can do till you try, as the tiny robin said when it swallowed the tomato grub.

Say, Kathleen, have you yet struck in British Columbia that type of girl they speak of as the Western Girl,—you know, the throw-the-wild-mustang, ride-the-bucking-broncho, gallop-up-the-main-street-firing-a-six-shooter type? I don't suppose you have, because your aunt told me you were becoming a bridge fiend. Oh naughty! Well I didn't meet that type either, and I was disappointed. Maybe I didn't get far enough West. The nearest approach I saw to the real thing was the hired girl at the ranch where I stayed when in the country, and a young girl in town. The former was somewhat of a romancer, I believe, altho' she was good stuff and I admired her immensely, but I must tell you about the other.

She was, as she might say herself, "a decent head." I just love to talk about her; if I could only imitate her gesture and expressions. The first time I saw her was when she was leaving some church reception. She was wearing a rough-rider and riding gloves, her hair was hanging in a long, heavy, braid and she had the greatest swagger. We were never introduced to each other, one day she started a conversation by asking me if I rooted as loudly at a football match as at a baseball game. Her father kept the hotel and so she was always around with the men, but she wasn't the least bit like what you would expect her to be. She was mighty sensible and had a certain air of womanliness about her that seemed so incongruous in such a mad cap. She had practically no education. Her mother had always wanted a good time when she was a girl, but had been kept down, so she was determined to let Elsa "go some" when she wanted to. But this indulgence didn't spoil Elsa at all.

She was afraid of nothing and would never take a dare. She could swim, ride, drive, was a crack shot, pitched on the ball team, played the piano, and the cornet in the Ladies' Band. She used to take me driving and would go from one good story to another till she became ashamed of the way I laughed and took me out into the country to recover. She said she never

forgot a road after once going over it, and Kathleen, you know what prairie trails are like. I was always pulling Nigger up till I should decide whether I had passed that green house on the way out, or which turn I'd taken before. I never learned how to guide myself by the stars. Not so with Miss Elsa.

The Ladies' Band went off one day, away down into the States, forty miles, to play at a 4th of July celebration. I don't know who drove them down, but Elsa drove the big tally-ho back all the way herself, after dark too. Wasn't she a little brick—with all the other girls asleep? But to cap the climax, the porter of their hotel came racing up behind the tally-ho with another man, both intoxicated, especially the porter, and tried to pass on a narrow trail. Of course they were thrown out into the ditch and the buggy was not only partly smashed, but it stuck in the mud. When the men tried to get it out, the less intoxicated one cut his shoulder badly trying to "boost" the wheel and—well, really, I forget what happened to the porter; but he being naturally ugly-tempered, the accident and the liquor didn't tend to improve the state of his mind, so just to be contrary, he bethought himself of turning around and going away back across the border again. His "companion in sin" could do nothing with him, till Elsa got out of her rig, boxed his ears soundly and sent him on home. Now just imagine! Doesn't that remind you of Queen Elizabeth boxing Essex' ears, only, of course, under very different circumstances.

I didn't see her riding much, but she spoke most casually of riding twelve miles down into the country to go for a run with Frankie Ramsay. This day, her horse was feeling particularly fine. It was a thoroughbred blue horse anyway. (Kathleen, what did she mean by that? I didn't dare ask her. I just looked wise). It had just kicked the hostler and the stall partitions out of the stable, but Elsa got on, and only with a man's English saddle, the Western saddles being, of course, too heavy for fence-jumping. Well, on the way home from Frankie's, just as she went to take a broad ditch, the wind caught up a piece of white paper and frightened the horse, which was just looking for trouble. It ran up alongside a barbed wire fence, tore Elsa's skirt, ripped up her riding-boot and just then out flew a dog from one of the farm-houses and bit at the horse's heels. The horse had balked at the fence but now Elsa gave it a cut with her quirt and up it rose, "just like that," said Elsa, with a graceful movement of her hand, and cleared the top wire side-ways. Then, not giving Elsa a moment to recover, shot across ploughed field and prairie indiscriminately and stopped with a jump and a shiver in front of a big binder,—“the first time,” said Elsa, “that it wasn't dead scared of a binder.”

The night she told me about this she came along with two cuts in her horse's back. She saw me looking rather inquiringly at them and explained that Goldie had just been acting up for the men's band on the front street. “The first time she's played to the gallery for a long time,” added Elsa. One of the men had rushed out to catch the horse's bridle, but she had called to him to keep out of the way or he'd get a slash too. The idea of a man helping

her to manage a horse! Why, preposterous! It would have been a mere bagatelle of course if the horse had gone tearing down the street and keeled over a few of the band.

You remember, Kit, how we used to long to drive at our fall show at home. You just ought to hear Elsa tell how she trained Goldie to rear up in front of the judge's stand and look a "very bad actor" or rather "a good kicker" as the men say out West when they feel they've married a thoroughbred wife. Elsa would bring Goldie down with a flick of her whip, and a moment after, drive on most unconcernedly with the red ticket flying.

And Kathleen just wait till I tell you. She came tripping down street one day with a five dollar bill fluttering carelessly between her fingers. She walked up to a group of men, one of them being our minister, who said something in a joking way about our new church needing the bill and offered to match her for it. Elsa lost and staked in with the most nonchalant air. She would do the sporting thing in a case of that kind or break her neck.

One Sunday she came dashing up with her two chicken dogs, to take me driving. One dog, Alex, by name, was a very well-trained pointer that Elsa could manage beautifully. She had a whistle that any man might envy. But the other dog, Bobbie, was a harum-scarum pup, very keen on the scent, but no one had ever taken pains to train him. Just when Alex would get some chickens set, Bobbie, who had probably been racing after a jack-rabbit half-a-mile off, would come rushing in, hit Alex broadsides, send him flying and flush the chickens. He flushed a covey of thirty just as we were discussing him and then chased them away across the fields. This enraged Elsa beyond all bounds. It amused me very much, because Elsa had no control over him at all. She put some shot into him, on the first day of chicken shooting this year, because of course he was spoiling all their sport, but afterwards she had to cut the lead out with her jack-knife. However, she came home with the limit the law allows—twenty chickens—just like the "rest of the men." I asked her what they did with Goldie when out shooting. "Oh she'll stand," she said, "if I plug her ears."

She was telling me one day about taking a girl with her out into the country to look for a maid for their hotel. They saw just two chickens and a duck and Elsa got them all, shot them on the wing too. It was perfectly killing to hear her tell about their trouble in getting the duck. It fell into the slough and as they didn't have a duck dog along, Ruby ordered "Shorty" to back the runabout into the slough, so that they could reach the duck that way, "Well, you know," said Elsa, with infinite disgust in her voice, "Shorty is such a hen. She drove Goldie in and then couldn't back out nor couldn't drive through either. So I had to get out, take off my shoes and stockings, climb along the shafts onto Goldie's back, unhitch her, ride her out, hitch her to the back of the buggy, pull it out that way, and then hitch up again,—and of course my feet were so wet and muddy I couldn't put on my stockings again, so I tried to hide them in the lap robe when we got to the house where we were going, but the people asked what my boots were doing up in front

and when we turned around in their yard they saw beneath the seat, that I'd no stockings on either. Holy cat, was I sore on Shorty!"

She came walking up behind me one morning and produced a tiny pistol—a perfect little beauty. "What do you know about that?" she remarked as soon as she caught up to me, "not too rotten, eh? I once came darn near shooting off the end of my finger with it. You see, I had it just like that, and this finger got in the way. Oh, say, you should have been at the church social last night. Oh, sure, it shoots twenty-two but I've B.B. in it now. Well, I wanted a little excitement, so I slid outside and when I got into a bunch of people, I'd fire up into the air,—say I scared some of those little old ladies into hysterics. I got this thing a few years ago. I had to. There was a man in town who used to pester me half to death. I couldn't go out after night but what he would appear out of some dark corner and want some money or the key of the store or some other fool thing, so one night when he did it, I said, 'Alright, there, take it' and I pointed this thing at him just like that. Say, was he scared! Then he recovered slightly and said he bet it wasn't loaded so I fired it off two or three times just to show him and he vamoosed,—beat it, you know, and left me alone afterwards. Look here, what do you think of that girl?—she rattled ahead, turning back the rever of her coat and exposing a picture on a button, "a pretty decent head. She played on our ball team down in Brandon a few years ago. Here's our pin, M.W.C., Merry Widow Captain, you know. I was captain. That girl got three front teeth knocked out one game. But she was a dandy good sport."

This is just a sample of the line of talk she handed out to you, if you got her to loosen up a few. You just ought to hear her singing hymns in Sunday school, she changed them to suit herself and was perfectly regardless of the teacher's glare. The superintendent, however, thought there was no one quite like her. We wern't so well thought of, were we Kittens, when we misbehaved in church or Sunday school? She didn't have to stay in and learn paraphrases the rest of the day. Oh, there's nothing like the freedom of the West, Kit.

I certainly must ring off here. Don't bother reading this all if you're busy. With love,

P.S.—Write soon.

ONE OF THE "GIRLS."

Queen's Again Takes The Lead.

IT will be gratifying to the readers of the Journal to learn that a Chair of Canadian and Colonial History will be established at Queen's next session, and that the first occupant of it will be Mr. William L. Grant, son of our late, eminent Principal, at present Lecturer on Colonial History, under the Beit foundation, at the University of Oxford. This expansion of the Department of History is due to the generosity of Dr. James Douglas, of New York, a graduate and trustee of Queen's, who will provide for the endowment of the chair. Dr. Douglas' offer

is conditional upon our securing certain proposed changes in the constitution of the University ; but the trustees had no hesitation in accepting his offer under those conditions, especially as he had further agreed to pay a year's salary to meet any further delay in securing these changes, if such were necessary.

The trustees were of one mind in appointing Mr. Grant to the new professorship. He comes not only as the bearer of a name of great distinction in Queen's, but as having brought new honor to that name in the brilliant work he has done at Oxford. Word has lately been received from him accepting the appointment, and he will be prepared to enter his new duties next session. Queen's is surely to be congratulated on being the first Canadian University to have a chair devoted exclusively to Canadian and Colonial History and on having it occupied by such a brilliant young Canadian. Professors Morison and Grant will make a strong and attractive combination.

Book Review.

The Historical and Religious Value of the Fourth Gospel, by Ernest F. Scott, D.D., Professor of Church History in Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin Company. The Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1909.

THIS new book, by Prof. Scott, is one of the first of a series of hand-books, entitled, "Modern Religious Problems," edited by Dr. Ambrose W. Vernon. The aim of the series is to popularize "the precise results of modern scholarship" and the prospectus of the volumes already arranged for contains the names of many of the best known theological scholars and writers in the English-speaking world. It is a matter of congratulation to Prof. Scott, and indirectly to Queen's, that he has been chosen to write on the much-vexed Johannine "problem." The reason of the choice is, of course, not far to seek. Before Prof. Scott came to Queen's he had won for himself a most enviable reputation by his book on "*The Fourth Gospel, Its Purpose and Theology*," (T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh, 1906). It was recognized on all sides as marking a new era in the discussion of this important subject. The new book is meant to serve a very different purpose and a different constituency. There are only eighty-three pages in it, but in that small compass we find a delightfully clear and readable account of the latest criticism of the Gospel of St. John, and a beautiful exposition of its permanent religious value.

It is greatly to be deplored that even among University students in their general reading, such subjects are often quite ignored. Such books as Prof. Jordan's late volume, "*Biblical Criticism and Modern Thought*," and this most recent of Prof. Scott's publications might be read with great interest and profit by many students in every department of the University. We all clearly recognize that we are in the midst of a great new movement in things theological and, if for no other reason, the necessity of keeping "up-to-date" should demand of us that we know something of this department of the great round of human knowledge. For this reason and for its own intrinsic value the JOURNAL is pleased to welcome and warmly recommend Prof. Scott's new book.

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Editorials.

NO apology need be given for a difference of opinion, and after the visit of Mr. John R. Mott, it is to be expected that criticisms favorable and otherwise, would be heard. Unfavorable criticism is apt to be taken for a "knock" and a lack of sympathy for the man or the cause. That Mr. Mott was interesting, there is no doubt; his experiences among students in many lands came with a freshness and force that were invigorating and worthy of serious thought. Apart from this, to the JOURNAL, his message for students seemed to lack that definiteness and clearness that we had hoped for, and expected from the leader of so great a movement. He did not touch vitally upon the relation of the Christian student to his fellows or to the non-Christian peoples, whose evangelization in the present generation is the watchword of the Student Federation. It is not enough to quote statistics and give examples and facts, made impressive and vivid by their isolation. These do not necessarily give to those who are seeking, the true principles of Christianity which indeed, they often obscure. It ought to be demanded of any leader that he give some solution to the problems which he presents. In a certain sense the ability to recognize conditions and needs implies a further ability of dealing with them. Mr. Mott raised questions, and portrayed conditions in a direct and almost stern way, which appealed strongly to all who heard him. It was disappointing to have him stop there. We do not think that it is a solution for most students in a struggle against carelessness, and sin to be urged "to come to Christ" unless the content of that phrase is made clear. To many in the past and present it has been an expression which gave a true vision of Christian life, but in itself it can hardly be said to do so now. In an appeal to workers for the foreign field he said, "let nothing but the will of God interfere with your call there, neither ambition, study, parents or relatives, or the great need of Canada." The will of God is not apart from these and life without the consideration of these is meaningless. The call of God does not necessarily consist in the intense desire to do mission work abroad, but it may be in the quiet and resolute determination to do work well wherever one decides to labor, all conditions being given their relative im-

portance. It is time to recognize that all work must be done on a high plane of Christian service, and that as much fidelity and earnestness are demanded of the every man as of any Christian worker.

The efficiency of the missionary must be measured by a standard applicable to all alike. Let a person recognize all conditions before going to the foreign field, or to any other activity, and then he is more likely to become a capable and earnest worker. Earnest, but high-strung and nervous men and women, whose main qualification for missions is their "call," as we are apt to call it, are a great factor in unsuccessful mission work. What we need is a candid survey of conditions at home and abroad, and a deliberate choice and preparation for broad work on a Gospel that says "all things are ours, and we are Christ's and Christ is God's."

Perhaps it would not be out of place here to say that there are some among us who think that Queen's is "dead" and "too intellectual." How both terms apply is difficult to see. We are occasionally reminded that we are very ready to stand off and criticize without engaging in any enterprise. If this is true it is a "faithful saying," to tell us and a good tonic to hear it. But it can be taken too seriously. We cannot defend any student who is a "knocker" or whose erudition be it ever so profound is not softened by a tinge of humility, but we do admire a stability of character, a faithfulness to study, and a readiness to help that are found in so many Queen's students. "Ralph Connor" expressed the conviction that in the West, the brunt of pioneer work was carried in the most strategic and remote parts by Queen's men and women. It is something to be proud of and thankful for, and it assures us that she is doing a good work. The Y.M.C.A. hand-book, used to contain words expressing this idea that we are better students because we are Christians, and better Christians because we are students. It is an ideal worthy of an University.

The Mock Parliament is a thing to attend. Go to the Alma Mater on Saturday evening—perhaps you will hear something to interest you—perhaps you can say something to interest others. At any rate you can learn to speak and think on your feet—too rare an accomplishment in most students.

It's an awful thing to be an editor! A few weeks ago, in a melancholy and moral mood, we designated in a large and generous way, all engineers on the Transcontinental Railway as a set of grafters and thieves, at least so we are informed. But all men are liars, even editors sometimes, so we are told in a spicy letter from a Queen's Science graduate who protests against our unmeasured terms. We are threatened with immersion in the lake, so we *humbly* apologize to all those straight men, whether graduates of Queen's or not, who do things on the level, and who have so large an influence upon the life in the newer parts of our country. Still we don't want to be too abject in our humility, and so we add "*Let those whom the cup fits wear it.*"

Ladies.



MR. Mott addressed the girls of Queen's in the afternoon of Jan. 18th, on the subject: "Jesus Christ—a Reality." He asserted that it is possible and practicable to have the presence of Christ in us, a more potent influence than any earthly bond. Christ will become and remain real to those who study His words and works in a thorough and reverent fashion; to those who obey His teaching and daily endeavor to have that purity of heart which alone can "see God"; and to those who remind themselves of His presence by prayer and communion and by association with

those to whom He is a great reality. Christ will be real to those who forget themselves in service to others, who are needy; and to those who form an undiscourageable resolution to have Him become so, and use their every power to conform to His requirements. Moreover this Christ desires to become real to us more intensely than we can desire to have Him, and hence if we truly wish His presence we need not doubt that we shall find Him.

The instructor at the gymnasium has arranged to conduct classes and give individual instruction in fencing every morning at nine. These classes are for any who wish to attend, and can plan to do so.

In the course of his address on Monday afternoon, Mr. Mott suggested the following books as helpful in devotional study,—*Secret Prayer*, by the Bishop of Durham; *The Still Hour*, by Prof. Austin Phelps; and *Answers to Prayer*, by H. C. Trumbull.

At the Y.W.C.A. meeting on January 14th, the three delegates to the Student Volunteer Convention at Rochester gave their report—that is, as far as it is possible to report in half an hour an immense convention which lasted nearly five days. But the girls of Queen's should at least know now what the Student Volunteer Movement stands for, if no more, and it is to be hoped that a more active interest will henceforth be taken in this grand missionary movement. If for no other reason, we should all be interested from an educational point of view in this greatest of world movements. An attempt is being made to organize at least one mission study class among the girls, and this surely should not be a very difficult thing when we remember that there are at present about two hundred girls at Queen's.

Arts.

WE have a little smoke problem of our own, the outcome of which most of us hope will prove to be something more than merely a pipe dream.

Some time ago the Arts Society petitioned the Senate to be allowed to settle the matter of smoking in the club room by a vote of the students. The Senate replied that no change would be made in the existing rule as regards smoking in the Arts building.

Later a committee was appointed to meet with a committee of the Senate in order to come to a complete understanding as to each other's position on the subject. It was again decided that the same ruling must still hold.

The Senate, however, had been informed that about twenty-five per cent. of the students in Arts are opposed to smoking in the club room.

As in the opinion of our committee this is not the case, we are informed that if the decision of the Arts Society is practically unanimous to allow smoking in the club room, the Senate will favorably consider the rescinding of the present ruling against it.

At the regular meeting, January 18th, the Arts Society unanimously declared itself in favor of allowing smoking in the club room.

At present, however, smoking in the club room is forbidden, and until such time as the Senate sees fit to grant our request, any disregard for this ruling must of necessity be taken up by the Arts Concursus Iniquitatus et Virtutis.

The House of Lords will come up for discussion at the regular meeting of the Alma Mater Society Saturday evening, January 28th, when the years will contest for the inter-year debating championship. The wording of the debate is,—“Resolved, that the House of Lords shall be retained.”

Year '12, represented by Messrs. A. North and A. D. Matheson, will uphold the affirmative, while Messrs. F. H. Smith and B. M. Stuart, will bear the standard for the year '11, on the negative side.

At the regular meeting of the Political Science and Debating Club, Jan. 28th, the wording of the debate will be,—“Resolved, that International trade unionism between Canada and United States is a menace to Canadian interests.”

The affirmative will be taken by Messrs. J. C. McFarlane and A. D. Anderson, while Messrs. C. S. McGaughey and J. C. Smith will uphold the negative.

Science.

A short, but enjoyable programme was presented at the meeting of the Engineering Society last Friday afternoon, consisting of the following numbers:—Piano solo, Mr. J. A. Tremblay, Polish Dance, Scharwenka; vocal solo, “Off to Philadelphia,” Mr. G. S. Taylor; piano solo, Tarantella Piezonka, J. A. Tremblay; topical song, W. B. MacRostie, G. Haffner, L. N. Armstrong, E. H. Orser.

The fact that such programmes are appreciated was evident by the number who turned out to the meeting. A committee consisting of M. Ewart (convener), J. A. Dobson, J. A. Tremblay, and W. Hughson, have charge of a programme for next meeting.

The final year have decided not to retain the custom of having a large photograph of the graduating class. Their committee, Messrs. Ellis, Orser, Ewart and Drewry, have decided to bring out a small book which will contain individual photos of the professors and final year students. A number of the buildings and other views will also be included. As this is somewhat of an experiment the result will be watched with interest by the students of the junior year, who hope to be up against the yearbook problem next year.

The Science Dinner committee, in an interim report, showed a balance of \$53.74. A full report will be given at next meeting. We would suggest that the recommendations made by the committee some time ago be included in the report.

We would like to hear something definite from the committee who are discussing the formation of the Field Engineers' Corps. If anything is to be done in the way of organization this spring, it would seem that now is the time, not when everyone makes excuses about examinations, etc. If organization were completed this spring it would make the work much simpler for the men in the fall.

Science '11 has still another man on the sick list. Gordon Cameron is spending a few days at the hospital.

A good number of Science men enjoyed A. O. Wheeler's lecture last Saturday evening, at the A.M.S. Especially interested were those who intend to follow D.L.S. work in the West.

Medicine.

ON Friday morning, Prof. Knight, the honorary president of '12 Medicine, to the great delight of the year, took a *class-hour* to give a most suggestive illustrated address on the pressing need of better medical inspection of school children.

The JOURNAL regrets to hear of the death of Mr. J. J. McNeil, '12, at Napance, recently. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of his many friends about college. Mr. A. Flood represented the year at the funeral on Saturday.

We are glad to welcome L. MacDougall, M.A., Ph.D., to our halls, and especially when he wishes to add to his studies of Plato and Aristotle, the more natural philosophy of Aesculapius and Hippocrates.

WALKEY'S DOWNFALL.

Did you ever hear of the new Palace Rink?
You didn't! That's funny. Well, I rather think,
If you care to inquire, Lee Walkey can tell,
And Singleton too, of the way that Lee fell.

Now Lee has a girl whom he thinks pretty nice;
And in his wily way he thought he could entice
Her to gaze at him fondly, and look at him long,
So he tried skating backward, and pulled her along.

He did it quite nicely, and she was delighted;
But Lee studies hard and is getting near-sighted,
And as he was bending to get a good look,
His foot struck a snag, and the fall that he took

Was unrivaled for grace; for he rolled over twice
And ended by ploughing his nose in the ice.
Still was she delighted, she laughed loud in glee
And said, "Oh! you Walkey, fond farewells to thee."

Now Lee is bemoaning the fact that the maid
Will skate with him no longer, she says she's afraid,
And she says "He's a boozier, I know from the fact,
That he's fallen so often the ice is all cracked.

But though Lee is unlucky, Old Singie is not,
He's death on the Gibsons—gets three at one shot,
He skates with them singly, in pairs, or in triplets,
And remarks, "Gee they're cute—with their hair done in riplets."

Oh! Sing, you old rascal, get back to your books,
Let the dear things alone, with their sweet coaxing looks,
"Now you stop Mr. Singleton—let go of my hand—
There's somebody looking—Let's skate out this band."

Divinity.

AT the regular meeting of the Theological Society on Friday, 21st inst., the question of the proposed "church union" was debated. The subject stated for debate, was,—*"Resolved, that Church Union on the proposed basis would tend to increase the effectiveness of Christian work."* The affirmative was upheld by J. McAskile, G. Shearer and C. B. Pitcher; the negative position was taken by R. H. Liggett, W. Stott and S. G. MacCormack. The judges were Prof. Wallace, Ph.D., J. Nicol, M.A., J. Jewett, B.A. A very spirited debate in which arguments were adduced with vigor and clearness, resulted. The decision was given in favor of the negative.

Mr. A. Rintoull preached his trial sermon in Cook's church at the morning service, Jan. 16th. The preacher used as the basis of his message Pilot's utterance at the trial of Jesus,—“Behold the Man.” A congregation, larger than usual, evidently enjoyed the service throughout.

Two of the graduating class have been asked by congregations to accept a call after they are licensed. Mr. J. C. Robinson has had such a request from Oil Springs, Lambton County, and Mr. Andrew Little from Scotland, Renfrew County.

The Hall is decidedly proud of its two members who are upholding so well the honor of Queen's in Athletics. W. Dobson is on the forward line of Queen's Hockey team and considered one of the fastest men in Intercollegiate hockey. A. P. Menzies is a member of the Basket Ball team, where his quickness and accuracy have brought him into prominence.

Education.

SOME time before Christmas a short article appeared in the JOURNAL concerning note-taking in lectures. It was pointed out that if a student is engaged in writing notes he cannot follow clearly the line of thought of the lecturer. Several departments in the University have tried to remedy this evil, and we are pleased to call attention to the fact that an effort is being made this year in Education to find a better method of giving notes. For the class in School Management, Prin. Ellis has had printed an outline of his course; and in Principles of Education, Dr. Stephenson is supplying each member with a typewritten synopsis of the work. The cost to each student, for having this done, is merely nominal, while the scheme has two great advantages. In the first place, one may rely on these notes being correct, which is not always the case with those which we are in the habit of hurriedly scribbling down, (at least, the writer has found a number of mistakes in his own); and in the second place all may give their undivided attention to the professor.

This new plan is being tried simply as an experiment this session, but if it proves successful it will no doubt be extended next year.

It seems to us that the time has come when some such steps ought to be taken in all the departments, for we can surely spend our time in lectures much more profitably than in filling note-books with a confused jumble of matter, much of which after two or three months' time will be quite unintelligible.

We notice that in the 8 o'clock classes at the Collegiate, the roll is now being called *after* the lecture.—It's the fault of the alarm-clocks.

Music and Drama.

ON Wednesday, the 26th, we will all, townspeople and students, be given an opportunity of judging the result of the season's practising by our several musical clubs. There will appear in Grant Hall, in addition to the old clubs, the newly-organized Choral Society. Under the able and painstaking direction of Mr. Small, this Club promises to keep up to the high standard set on former occasions by the Glee Clubs. Mr. Jas. Tretheway, one of the foremost violinists, probably the first, in Toronto, who delighted so many at the Conversat., will, with our Dr. Manning, do all the solo work of the evening. With the Mandolin and Guitar Club and the Orchestra in addition to these, a programme varied enough to suit all tastes and fancies will be given. As the admission is almost nominal, every student should attend.

The greatest of living pianists (barring Paderewski, who is on the retired list) will play in Grant Hall on Wednesday, February 9th, under the auspices of our Musical Committee. Mark Hambourg is a Russian, not yet thirty years old, who studied music in Vienna under the famous Leschetitzky. His leaning towards us Anglo-Saxons was shown markedly when he married recently the daughter of Sir Kenneth MacKenzie, Clerk of the Crown in Great Britain. It is a privilege and an honor to have within our halls a man such as Hambourg, the leader in his profession throughout the world.

Exchanges.

A THOUGHT FOR THE YEAR.

"We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial:
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Our exchanges show a marked scarcity of literary articles, but in QUEEN'S JOURNAL, however, can be found several, which are of a very high standard. The Alma Mater Society of Queen's University certainly deserves credit for the splendid journal it produces, especially as it is published every week. There is, however, one thing worthy of note, and that is that many of the articles are compositions of graduates. In this respect, both the journals of our sister colleges of this city and our own are very deficient. There are few things that enhance the value of a journal more than articles from the graduates. They serve a double purpose, increasing as they do the literary standard of the journal and serving as a bond which unites, to a certain degree, the undergraduate with the graduate.—*Manitoba College Journal*.

As we sit down to our weekly task of finding something for this column and note the stack of magazines before us, we are often at a loss to know just the one to particularly mention here, for so many are so good, and so few, so little worthy of adverse criticism. Each, by some artistic cover design, by some humorous cartoon, by some beauty sketch from nature's garden, by some splendid poem or story or by some strong article on current events or topics of daily interest, seems to crave mention. The one that speaks loudest this time is the O. A. C. Review.

We feel justified in saying that it holds a high place among the best of our exchanges. It is bright, newsy and in every way up-to-date. Coming from one of the leading, if not *the* leading agricultural college in Canada, we would naturally expect it to have an agricultural flavouring, and so it has, but in no undue excess. Indeed, it is hard to find better articles on the science of agriculture in all its branches, than those which the O. A. C. gives us. In its January number are to be found the following articles:—"Factors Influencing Prices of Ontario Fruits," "Good Roads,"—these are written by professors, men of authority, and surely they are more or less of general interest. It is this very fact perhaps that makes the O. A. C. a broader journal than our average exchange. Its stories and poetic contributions are also very good. Here is a sample, judge for yourselves.

"How lovely are Earth's various moods,
Her winter snows, her summer woods,
Her meadows green and broad;
But O, I find no loveliness
In mountain, sea, or sky, unless
Their changing forms to me express
The changelessness of God."

If we would criticise the O. A. C. Review in any way, it would be from the fact of its having no exchange column. Since it attains such a high standard of excellence, it would be interesting to know what it thinks of other college journals.

CONTRIBUTED.

One little Freshette, cute and sly,
One little Freshman, rather shy;
One little squeeze of her hand he makes,
One little glance from her eye he takes;
One little nook in the hall they find,
One little slope,—they don't mind!
One little talk, laughter and fun,
One little wooing,—quickly won;
One little blush o'er her face soon glides,
One little frown,—her cheeks she hides;
One little cab in the early morn,
One little sigh, to part they mourn;
One little look up the street they steal,
One little kiss their love to seal.

One little College-course, quickly over,
 One little job,—then for the clover!
 One little wedding, the height of bliss,
 One little honeymoon and that ends this.

"Adolescens."

Athletics.

HOCKEY—QUEEN'S 2, TORONTO 6.

THE University hockey team opened the season under a luckless star on Friday night, when they were beaten by the Toronto University seven by a score of 6-2. The game was played under conditions that put the fast and aggressive members of Queen's team at a hopeless disadvantage. On the whole, Toronto appeared to do slightly better than Queen's on the heavy ice. They were fortunate in shooting, moreover, two of their scores in the second period being due to long shots that were scarcely labelled for the net. It was Queen's night in the shady side of fortune. The ice was little better than a barn floor for hockey and it was out of the question to attempt combination. Speed was at a discount. Time and again Dobson and George or Campbell would get under way for a rush only to find the rubber stuck in a heap of slush or a small lake of water. This took the heart out of the men on whom Queen's counted to test the Toronto defence. The Toronto forwards took the heavy ice better and took full advantage of their weight. In addition to the handicap imposed by bad ice, the team entered the game with Vernon Crawford ill and unable to play more than ten minutes. When he left the ice, Campbell went to centre and Basil George took his position on the wing.

Queen's further tried out in the game its new defence. The soundest judgment is that it made good. With careful coaching Gilbert, McKenzie and Trimble will do their share against any team. Gilbert showed good ability, while the point and cover-point were aggressive and always on the job. On fast ice the defence men would have had a bigger part in the game. Of the Toronto team the defence was the strongest part. They are husky men with a marked inclination to rough play. Code at cover needs some side-line suggestions at the hands of a strict referee. The Toronto forward line did not appear to have the speed of Queen's attacking division. They received good support from their defence. In the matter of shooting they showed superiority and to this fact is to be attributed the score. For Queen's, every man was on the job. The forwards couldn't get together on the soft ice and had no luck on long shots.

In spite of the bad ice, the game was fast, both teams using every effort to win. There was as much dash as in a game under most favorable conditions. But towards the end of the game both teams were somewhat dispirited. The score at half-time was 3-0 for Toronto. In the second period Queen's scored twice and Toronto three times. The last goal for Toronto bounced into the nets about four seconds before the end of the game. Like the two that went before it, it bordered on a fluke, hitting three sticks before bouncing from a Queen's player just over the line.

FIRST HALF.

The game opened with both teams aggressive. Rush and counter rush were made, but it soon became evident that hockey was out of the question. The checking was close. Owing to the soft condition of the ice this was rendered unusually effective on the part of both teams, and play was largely in centre ice. About five minutes after the start McSloy scored for Toronto on a long shot from the side. The next score came ten minutes later. Dobson and Campbell bored in well on the Toronto goal, but were unable to score. After the second Toronto goal, Crawford was hurt and forced to retire. Before the half ended Toronto scored again, after the puck had been pushed about in the slush and water until players were tired out and drenched.

SECOND HALF.

Queen's opened the second period with fast play and for a time had the advantage of Toronto. Dobson made several beautiful rushes. The whole team was working well. Campbell finally scored on a nice shot following a mix-up. Toronto then rubbed up their luck. In ten minutes they added two that can scarcely be attributed to good hockey, but to better golfing than Queen's.

Gregg George put in Queen's second goal a few minutes later. Toronto got its sixth goal just before the finish. The teams were:

Queen's—Goal, Gilbert; point, McKenzie; cover-point, Trimble; forwards, Campbell, Dobson, George, Crawford, (B. George).

Toronto—Goal, Richardson; point, Gillie; cover, Code; forwards, Frith, Hanley, McSloy and Evans.

VERNE CRAWFORD AND QUEEN'S.

If there is one man at Queen's of whom his fellow students should be proud, Vernon Crawford is the man. He has served his Alma Mater in connection with athletics as few have done: and he has come through it all with the reputation of being clean, capable and manly. His action in entering the game against Toronto, last Friday, when ill and unfit to play, is only typical. He has never sought a position on any other basis than that of merit. He has always shown that he can take defeat or victory with equal grace: and the fact that he takes part in sports for their worth is clearly evident. For four years Vernon has played football and hockey for Queen's. He has always made good and has brought nothing but credit to the University. As a student he has also been extremely successful, his record demonstrating beyond doubt that athletics taken in the right spirit are no hindrance in work. His example may be safely followed by any student with a liking for sports and studies.

GYMNASIUM SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Secretary Dawson of the Athletic Committee has been making vigorous efforts to collect gymnasium subscriptions. Up to date his efforts have met with a marked degree of success. But the interest charges are heavy and payments on the principal can only be made when collections from various sources are in excess of first charges. The gymnasium is a matter of pride to the students and it is therefore important that the finances connected with its erection be kept within hand. Every student can and should help Mr. Dawson in his admirable efforts towards that end.

BASKETBALL.

The Basketball team opened the season with a victory over Toronto, on Friday afternoon, when the final score hung out was Queen's, 36; Varsity, 29. The game was one of the fastest ever played in the city; and the number of students in attendance establishes a record that marks the growing interest in Basketball as a university sport. Queen's team is regarded as exceptionally strong this season; and the result of the first game points to the possibility of the championship resting with it. Menzies, Leckie and VanSickle of last year's team were again in the line-up, the new men being Erskine and Souter. The Toronto team showed training and skill, and for this reason Queen's victory is more significant.

Toronto opened the game with a dash, scoring three times before Queen's negotiated the basket successfully. The play then settled into a fast, hard contest. Queen's men were on the job. They took in Toronto's combinations, each sticking to his check so closely that the signal plays didn't prove fruitful. At half time the score was 21-14 for Queen's. In the second half Toronto worked hard. Several times they were but a few points behind. But every Toronto score saw Queen's fight keener. Leckie, Menzies and VanSickle found the basket many times after nice combination plays. The final score was Queen's, 36; Toronto, 29. The teams were:

Queen's:—Menzies, Leckie, VanSickle, Souter and Erskine.

Toronto:—Dixon, Whyte, Brown, Livingston and Wood.

The officials were Messrs. Birch and Thompson of the city Y.M.C.A.

De Nobis.

THE SCIENCE MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

To skate or not to skate—that is the question;
 Whether 'tis better in the "lab." to suffer
 The smells and burns from obnoxious acids,
 Or to enjoy a skate and flit about
 With laughing women—bless them. To glide, to wheel
 Once more—and if the ice be fine, to find
 Much pleasure in an abundant natural flow
 Of conversation—so—but poor ice
 Means tired limbs. Ye gods! Ah there's the rub!
 For when I've coaxed a girl to come, and breathless start,
 To find the ice cut up—and SHE won't skate.
 Then's when I swear—and that's the real cause
 That makes calamity of so long life.

With the usual apologies, Science Hall, Jan. 11, 1910.

Peter Pilkey,—“I wish I had a pocket in my kilt.”

Janitor of Engineering Building,—“Some one wants to see you on the telephone, Prof. Gill.”

Arts Dinner—A student, a cigar, a hasty exit.

Prof. F-r-g-n:—(Explaining attentive process of a patient under Hypnosis)
 —“As I whispered in her ear.” (Applause).

Prof. F-r-g-n:—“Gentlemen, there is nothing uncommon in that.” (Loud Applause).

Professor:—“No, my dear Freshman, ‘Post-mortems’ are not taking a course in *undertaking*.”

Alex. Rintoul preached in Cooke's church, Kingston, Sunday morning, Jan. 16th. Two old men coming out of the church after service had the following conversation:

Ques.—“Who was the young man who preached this morning?”

Ans.—“That was John R. Mott. He is going to preach in Grant Hall this afternoon.”

When Alex. was told about it he said, “that accounts for the large number that was out to hear John R. Mott, Sunday afternoon.”

Gymnasium Subscriptions.

Previously acknowledged, \$1,099.55. \$10, J. W. Gibson; \$5, E. E. Watts, R. A. Rodgers; \$3, Dr. Mundell; \$2, L. Zealand; \$1, J. W. North. Total, \$1,125.55.